UNITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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EDITORIAL.

J. LL. J.

As so many of our Western readers are interested in the National Unitarian Conference and what exhibit of the West was made there, we yield to the request to print in this issue such portions of the Western Secretary's report as was omitted in the *Register's* report of the same. It will be found on page 257.

CONSOLIDATION.

The *New Covenant* is no more. The familiar face of our neighbor, and still more familiar name, have become memories. So, also, has *The Star of the West*, published in Cincinnati, set to rise no more. But *The Star and Covenant*, representing the combined strength, appears, bearing Chicago and Cincinnati in its head-line; the new paper to be under the same management as the *New Covenant*. This is a hopeful sign. We need fewer and better papers. Dr. Hanson is a stalwart in theology, and the new sheet, as the old, will give forth no uncertain sounds concerning *Aionion* and *Gehenna* and the importance of the Universalist denomination. May our neighbor "grow in grace," that it may "long live and prosper."

EDITORIAL CHANGE.

After three years of successful occupancy, Charles G. Ames retires from the editorial chair of the *Christian Register*, a paper that for thirty years has represented the better phases of American thought, and particularly of New England life and manners. Always seeking to be dignified, earnest and striving for catholicity and fairness, it never came so near realizing these superlative excellencies as under the management of Brother Ames. We would greatly regret the retirement of our genial yoke-fellow from editorial work, were it not for the assurance that the Spring Garden Mission, in Philadelphia, which is to receive his formative touch, offers a field quite worthy the gospel and the man, and that the kingly line is never extinct in the *Register* domain. We know the successor must be forthcoming who will lead ever on towards wider fellowship, deeper earnestness. The *Register* readers may safely shout, "The King is dead! Long live the King!!"

MORAL PERSPECTIVE.

Recently, as all the world knows, Robert Ingersoll delivered a telling Sunday address at McVicker's Theatre, urging the superiority of Righteousness over Creed; teaching that Salvation comes through conduct, not through vicarious atonement. At least eight prominent pulpits in this city devoted the following Sunday to answering this lay preacher, seeking to counteract his hurtful influence. The same week there was gathered in this city a Saloon Keepers' Convention, called to devise measures to secure free traffic in whiskey. Before this body, committed to what is avowedly the most debasing and impious industry of America, appeared the Mayor of the city and made a complimentary speech. Bible texts were conspicuously displayed throughout the hall, lending a semblance of sanctity to their wicked business; and, as far as reported, but three pulpits in this great city undertook to counteract this demoralization. Is there not here a sad lack of moral perspective. Which is most threatening, doubt or drink? Which is more dangerous, Ingersoll or the saloon keepers? Free inquiry or free whiskey? Whom should the church most fear, the prophet of character who denies the creed, or the destroyer of character who belies the creed?

A NATIONAL WEAKNESS.

The *Alliance* of Oct. 2 contains a leader two and a quarter columns long, entitled "*Kolasin Aionion.*" It is a labored attempt to work up a stupendous joke out of the expulsion of Rev. E. P. Adams, of Dunkirk, N. Y., from the Presbyterian Church, because of his disbelief in the doctrine of eternal punishment. We confess to an inability to understand the humor. We only premise that the writer considers it a passing humor in Adams, and a good joke on the Presbyterian Church. Has it

come to this, brethren: that the religious press must stoop to flippancy in the handling of even this solemn doctrine, which has in it either an awful truth or an awful lie? Gentlemen, be serious! Which is it? Thousands upon thousands of honest souls are looking to you for sober help. Will you turn them off with a pun? Is not this ungracious hunger for fun becoming a national weakness? America, we think, is the only country that has made a class of professional humorists. It matters not much who writes the leaders, if the "Funny Man" be a success the paper prospers now-a-days. A sagacious reader of UNITY quaintly ascribes as one reasen why it does not more rapidly increase its modest list of subscribers, "that it is too godly" —*i. e.*, that it is wanting in a certain spirit of levity so in demand by the reader of to-day.

Holmes, long ago, described the pathetic condition of the inmates of an Asylum for Decayed Punsters. Maudsley discovers in punning a sign of the insane temperament. We beg for sobriety, even at the cost of stupidity, in the handling of these questions. The New Testament could never have been written in America; it has so few jokes in it.

NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

Now that those of our readers who are really interested in the Unitarians and their recent Biennial Meeting at Saratoga have had an opportunity of reading the reports, and have been able to catch something of the spirit of the meeting and to feel, though remotely, the glow and joy of the occasion, it is profitable to glance at some of its defects; for praise that is undiscriminating becomes flattery.

1. We regret that there haunted some of the exercises—notably the morning conferences and the otherwise admirable opening discourse by our English friend—an apparent feeling that Unitarianism has narrowly escaped, or is just escaping, some fatal blight or cold paralysis from scientific tendencies or the critical methods of scholarship, instead of a glad recognition that from these sources have ever come and ever will come its mightiest inspiration, its clearest vision and its prophetic power. The young man who gets into an Unitarian pulpit and kills the society with philosophy and science, was alluded to much less frequently than on previous occasions; but still he was spoken of as if he were a veritable being. We have looked long for this young man, and confess have never been able to find him. That there are limp young men who fall short of success in the Unitarian ministry, is unquestionably true; but if poor preaching and dead societies are attributable to doctrine or mental attitudes, then the "Cross and its story" is a more baneful theme than the crucible and its mysteries, for who has not known the dreary depressions that come from stupidity when it tries to recount the most thrilling of human narratives?

2. We think that there was a sad waste of moral powder at the Saratoga meeting; the tyranny of a programme; the determination to grind through a given number of speeches; the reluctance to appear before the audience in the capacity of petitioners; the desire to keep a calm dignity even in the raising of money; and perhaps most of all, the practical inexperience and inefficiency of the ministry in this work refused much splendid enthusiasm a chance of speaking for itself and permanently recording itself in generous contributions. Two or three times during the session, the $15,000 needed to build churches for the students at Ann Arbor and at Madison, or the $10,000 necessary to put a secretary in the field for the next two years, or the $25,000 which Meadville needs, might have been had by the skillful asking, could the programme have been suspended and an hour's time devoted to the work. There were moments when hearts glowed with generous impulses, and the money fairly burned in the pockets of the listeners: and all the encouragement such a Holy Spirit received there was, that the annual collections of the A. U. A. would be taken up when they got home, and then they might give. Generosity is a rare essence not easily distilled from the human heart. When the contribution-box goes around at home, the clamor of selfish needs and conservative caution will be heard so plainly that the $5 will come more grudgingly there than the $50 would at Saratoga; besides, deeds are more contagious than words. The $10,000 or $20,000 given by the individual delegates who were at Saratoga would have unquestionably brought the $50,000, or $100,000, asked for from those at home.

3. We greatly regret that the conference has deprived the country and the cause of the inestimable work that a wise and live salaried secretary might accomplish in the next two years, largely relieved from office drudgery and the problems of financial administration. A man whose heart is in the future and whose head is abreast of the time, his brain teeming with the pregnant thought of the hour, with his headquarters in the field, would have an opportunity for usefulness second to none—greater than any settled minister in the denomination. This to us is the great regret of the conference.

4. The hesitancy to take the above step sprung from what seems to us an unconsciousness of power

and value on the part of the conference; a studied attempt to keep itself subordinate to the American Unitarian Association, which from necessity, and not from choice, must always be largely a local and private corporation, invaluable as a Publishing House, the administrator of bequests and in the accomplishment of chosen schemes where diligence, wisdom and exceptional oversight are necessary but impotent in receiving and directing the missionary enthusiasm of all ages and all sections represented in so grand a movement as the National Unitarian Conference is now providentially invited to take a part. But the intelligent reader of UNITY has ere this discovered the cheerful tone of these regrets, the hopefulness that inspired these criticisms, and will wait with us eagerly—aye, actively—for the mighty issues for good that this country is to receive from the body that met in biennial session at Saratoga last month.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF ENGLAND OUT OF THE PULPIT.

III.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BY PROF. C. C. EVERETT.

[Continued from UNITY of August 16.]

We have thus far considered the utterances of Browning in regard to the most fundamental religious truths. Religion, however, is often in his thought. It has inspired many of his most beautiful poems, and many aspects of it are presented that are hardly less important and interesting than those that have been already referred to. It must be remembered that the poems of Browning extend over many years, and we must not take it for granted that forms of expression once used are necessarily those which he would use to-day. We know how Ruskin disowns his earlier theological views and expressions. This caution is more needed in regard to the forms of thought that are now to demand our attention, than in regard to those which we have before considered, for the reason that these are related rather to the form than to the substance of truth, and are matters in regard to which change of thought is not unusual.

The revelation of God in Christianity is treated by Browning with a loving reverence. The Incarnation of God in Christ fills his heart with a glad awe. He likes, so to speak, to play with the thought, to hold it off from him, that he may see it in fresh beauty. He likes to look at it through the eyes of unbelieving contemporaries of the great event, that in their recognized need of such a revelation, and their rejection of it when it was brought in all its beauty directly to their notice, the fact may assume to us that true grandeur which may have been somewhat lost through our familiarity with it. This form of thought is especially represented by two poems in the "Men and Women," called respectively "Cleon" and "An Epistle."

In the poem called "Cleon," we have a letter purporting to be written by Cleon, who was at once poet, artist and philosopher to the tyrant Protos. Protos had pronounced Cleon happy on account of his varied gifts. Cleon disclaims the praise. The knowledge of the philosopher and the creative power of the artist are as nothing, he insists, compared with the great realities of life. The poet can sing of love, while others taste its sweets.

> "I know the joy of kingship:—well thou art king."

The fact that his works shall endure when he himself shall be beyond the reach of joy and praise, makes only the evil of his existence greater. It adds mockery to what was before so worthless. And he goes on:

> "It is so horrible,
> I dare at times imagine to my need
> Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
> Unlimited in capability
> For joy, as this is in desire for joy.
> * * * * * * *
> But no,
> Zeus has not yet revealed it; and, alas!
> He must have done so—were it possible!"

He then adds incidentally that in regard to one called Paulus, concerning whom Protos inquires, he knows little. He chides his royal correspondent for thinking that a mere barbarian Jew can by any possibility have access to a secret shut out from the philosophers. Certain slaves had indeed preached him and Christ, but, as he had gathered from a bystander—

> "Their doctrines could be held by no sane man."

In the poem called "An Epistle," Karshish, an Arab physician, is represented as writing to one learned like himself, an account of his journeyings. He describes certain slight botanical and medical discoveries that he had made, and then relates at some length the story of the Lazarus of John's Gospel, and describes an interview which he had had with him. The character of Lazarus is beautifully conceived and pictured. He is one who has entered for a moment into that higher life which is concealed from us; and who, coming back into our every-day life, looks at things from a different point of view, and applies to them a different measurement, so that what to us is of gravest moment excites no interest in him, while things that seem slight to us arouse him to the greatest joy or fear. What stimulates especially the interest of the Arab physician, is the fact that Lazarus believes the person who called him back to life to have been God himself. Of course the whole seems fantastic to Karshish, and he breaks off:

> "Why write of trivial matters, things of price
> Calling at every moment for remark?"

and goes on to tell of new flowers that he had met; but comes back at last to the story of Lazarus

again, from the fascination of which he cannot escape, with the sudden exclamation:

"The very God! Think, Abib; dost thou think?
So the All-Great were the All-Loving, too—
So through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself.
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!'
The madman saith He said so: it is strange."

This last extract illustrates the manner in which Browning seems to hold the doctrines that have been referred to. Religion is the recognition of love as supreme in the universe. Christianity is the manifestation of this love. This thought he holds with a perfect freedom from any sectarian bigotry. His faith is large and free. He refuses to any one form of ecclesiastical organization the monopoly of the religious truth and life.

The poem entitled "Christmas Eve" presents this earnestness of belief, held in sympathy with the religious life with those of most widely different creeds. The poem itself is one of rare beauty. It describes first a little dissenting chapel called "Mount Zion," situated in the midst of a "squalid knot of alleys," apparently in the dreary suburbs of the city. The poet represents himself as being overtaken by a rain, and as having sought a shelter in the entry of the chapel. He pictures with realistic distinctness the congregation as it enters. In this description his taste for the grotesque finds free sweep. In fact nothing could be less attractive than the poor, commonplace, diseased and shabby personages that come in, dripping from the wet, casting upon him as they pass looks that show that they regard him as an alien. At last he himself gathers courage to enter. But he tells us—

"I very soon had enough of it;
The hot smell and the human noises,
And my neighbor's coat, the greasy cuff of it,
Were a pebble-stone that a child's hand poises,
Compared with the pig-of-lead-like pressure
Of the preaching-man's immense stupidity."

To see the audience accepting all the preacher's conceits and platitudes as help, without which the world could not be saved, was too much for him, and he flung out of the chapel.

Wonderfully sweet is the change from the steaming chapel to the open common and heaven outside. The rain had stopped. The moon shone through the clouds. The poet, leaving the chapel, had entered his own church, which he felt to be the very church of God—the church of Nature.

"In youth I looked to these very skies,
And probing their immensities
I found God there, His visible power;
Yet felt in my heart, amid all its sense
Of that power, an equal evidence
That His love, there too, was the nobler dower;
For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless God."

Thus he went on with profound and suggestive reasoning, and at the close exclaimed:

"Thus, thus! oh, let men keep their ways
Of seeking Thee in a narrow shrine—
Be this my way! And this is mine."

But of a sudden a vision interrupts his thought. First a lunar rainbow swept across the heavens. I wish I could quote at length the beautiful description of this apparition, but in the midst of the beauty, emerging from it, appeared the Christ! He also had been in the little chapel. The poet's joy at the vision was chilled by the sudden thought that Christ had been among the worshippers whom he had despised. He prayed for forgiveness, and urged that in the midst of all he had exalted love as the highest. He seems to have been forgiven, for next he found himself swept along after the Master. He clings to the hem of his garment, and is borne up and on till at last he becomes aware of the world again. He finds himself at Rome, in front of St. Peter's. I think that nowhere else have been depicted, as in this poem, the magnificence of

"This miraculous dome of God,"

and the pomp of its worship. Christ enters, showing that this worship is accepted.

"Yes, I said—that He will go
And sit with these in turn, I know.
Their Faith's heart-beats, though her head swims
Too giddily to guide her limbs."

The poet at first sat outside the church, awaiting his return. He feared the bewildering effect of the errors of Rome. But at last his heart cried—

"What has been abusing me
That I should wait here lonely and coldly,
Instead of rising, entering boldly,
Baring truth's face and letting drift
Her veils of lies as they choose to shift?
Do these men praise Him? I will raise
My voice up to their point of praise!
I see the error; but above
The scope of error see the love."

The worship of Rome is true worship; but in it the heart is in excess, and the intellect is unequally developed. The poet feels the need of a form of worship that shall give to the intellect its due; that shall even keep the balance straight by an excess of intellect. There grows in his mind at the thought the ideal of the perfect church of humanity, in which, taken as a whole, all parts of the nature find their satisfaction.

As he reasons he finds himself again swept away, following the luminous path of his great leader. When he rests he finds himself at the door of a lecture-room in a German University. He pleasantly describes the Professor who is lecturing:

"That sallow, virgin-minded, studious
Martyr to mild enthusiasm,"

with a cough that showed how little hold he had upon the earthly life. The Professor uses the Christmas eve to analyze the Christian myth. Intellect was here in excess, as at Rome love had been. Yet Christ was present here also. The poet at first wonders at this; but then seeing what there was left of good and true after all of the destructive criticism, lapses into a state of gentle tolerance. He becomes enamored of a mild indifferentism. He enjoys seeing how each form of worship has its place in the great whole, and for himself feels no

further need of seeking any special church or form of worship. But suddenly he was startled. "The horrible storm began afresh." He found himself left on the college step alone.

"I looked, and far there ever fleeting,
Far, far away, the receding gesture,
And looming of the lessening vesture!—
Swept forward from my stupid hand,
While I watched my foolish heart expand,
In the lazy glow of benevolence,
O'er the various modes of man's belief.
I sprang up with fear's vehemence.
Needs must there be one way, our chief
Best way of worship: let me strive
To find it, and when found, contrive
My fellows also take their share."

He caught at the flying robe and found himself again lapped in its folds.

But suddenly he was again in the little chapel. His neighbors eyed him askance with no friendly look. One would have said, by their air, that he had been sleeping through the sermon; but if that had been so, how could he have remembered all about it? The vision at last had had its lesson for him. He saw the faults of the sermon, but should these blind him to the great truths which it contained? Should he neglect the water because it is mingled with the taint of earth, and content himself with the cup, elegant indeed, but empty?

"And here, is there water or not, to drink?"

He concludes that the simplest form of worship is the best.

"I, then, in ignorance and weakness,
Taking God's help, have attained to think
My heart does best to receive in meekness
That mode of worship as most to his mind,
Where earthly aids, being cast behind,
His All in All appears serene,
With the thinnest human veil between.

The service of the little chapel seems to him to possess this mark of the true church, and this he chooses for his own.

This remarkable poem, at the various beauties of which this slight sketch has only hinted, contains several important teachings, which have been brought out in the analysis that has been given, but which may well be united at its close. The first lesson is that of toleration, or, rather, a sympathy that is deeper and better than toleration for various forms of worship, however widely they may differ from one another. The second lesson is the necessity that ea h should have his own faith and his own form of worship; that he should have a spot where he may stand firm, and from which he may act upon his fellow-men. Man is placed in the world to be not merely a spectator; he is to perform his part in the work of the world. To do this rightly, he must find what is truest for himself, and make this a power in his life. The other lessons consist of the applications which the poet makes of these general principles to his own life. For him, the simplest form of worship is the best, and the bare congregational service thus commends itself to him as most worthy of his acceptance. The first two lessons that I named are, however, those which are bound up in the very texture of the poem, and it is this insisting, on the one hand, upon this recognition of other forms of worship as real, and to a certain extent true; and on the other, upon the necessity of individual faith and earnest. ness, that gives Robert Browning his right to be reckoned among the liberal preachers of England-

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TWO CEMETERIES.

F. L. H.

Just before leaving New England I made a pilgrimage to two of her country towns, both rarely beautiful in themselves, and endeared to me by the associations of earlier years. As time passes, one goes back to the old places to find fewer and fewer of the old acquaintance, but the graves of kindred remain to give their shadowy welcome. I pass amid the living, and love to take my way to these earthly resting-places of those with whom time makes no change to my thought.

It was mid-afternoon of a day late in August that I visited the cemetery in F. For over thirty years the ground has been given to its present use, and with every year it has been made more beautiful. The natural forest has been largely retained, and the tall and rugged oaks have a quiet strength and serenity that seem in keeping with the place. Quiet foot-paths and smooth drive-ways invite the visitor in different directions. One comes upon monuments which, in design and sculpture, are real works of art, and which have an added beauty from their surroundings. Among the finest are some of the least imposing, and which escape notice until you come close upon them. Nature keeps her cheerfulness, and blooms in all colors beside these emblems of our mortality, and one catches her mood and feels that more than half of our wonted fear and distrust of death is the creature of our false customs, and not the teaching of the great and calm mother who will fold us to her breast at last, as she has fed us from it through all the years. Well did our poet of Nature bid us from all our conventional funereal gloom and associations to the open air, and to list to her teachings. The world's great prophets, and notably Jesus, have lived in close communion with Nature, and have drawn much of their strength and calm trust from her deeper influences.

It was with a chastened yet pleasant feeling that, turning away from familiar graves, I lingered along the quiet grounds, here and there coming upon inscriptions whose names brought back to mind so vividly those who bore them, that when an hour later I sat at tea with a dear aged friend in the vil-

lage, our communion seemed scarcely more real than that I had felt with those whom I can see no longer face to face.

It was yet early in the day following, when, after a half hour's walk from the railway station, I entered the old burying-ground in L. It was already peopled when the century came in, and just beyond it is one yet older, whose turf was first broken nearly or quite two centuries ago. The dew was still on the grass; the sun was veiled in the cloud; the stillness of the place was unbroken, save by the slow movement of an old man who was swinging a scythe in one corner of the field. Here, as on the afternoon before, I sought first the familiar graves, and then wandered along the narrow paths, attracted by the quietness of the place and the interest which the epitaphs of names known and unknown had for me. There is a fellowship and community in these old burying-grounds which seems to reflect the simple neighborly ways of rural life. There is rarely any division into lots, though kindred sleep near each other in the common earth. The headstones are thin slabs, for the most part of slate, ornamented with the conventional willow rudely cut upon the stone. There is something pleasing and to be commended in the simplicity and modesty of these monuments, however, as compared or contrasted with the pretentious ones one often sees to-day; as if their builders were conscious of the insignificance of their own lives, and fearful of being forgotten as soon as gone. It could be wished that more of our rich men were less Egyptian in their taste for mortuary mansions, and cared less for being buried sumptuously in the ground than for living in the affectionate remembrance of the community. What better and more lasting monument than a library; or free reading-room; or the beginning of an art gallery; or some noble charity; or a public fountain; or a statue which shall keep the donor's name in loving association with his whom it images to the daily passers-by? With such a reminder, one need not fear oblivion though none should know where his dust sleeps.

Our grandparents appear to have been fonder of epitaphs than we, the simple record of name and dates so common in our modern cemeteries being the exception in these older grounds. Nearly every stone is made to tell its moral, or to speak the love of the living or the virtues of the dead. For my part I do not dislike this. I have little sympathy with that cynic who suggested for a legend over cemetery-gates:

"Here lie the dead, and here the living lie."

One comes upon some quaint and curious specimens among these tributes, as well as some that touch him by their tenderness and manifest sincerity. All are not equally happy; but one can put up with some inappropriate, not to say ludicrous ones, for the sake of those which now and then come home to the heart with peculiar suggestiveness and charm. I observe in these old burying-grounds that verses from the old familiar hymns are frequent; texts from the Bible are also common, while here and there you may read more personal tributes which indicate the traits that entered into the strong and sturdy New England character, and which our fathers loved to commend. Some of these are so discriminating and particular that one feels assured of their honesty, and he is already on a kindly half-acquaintance with the unknown pilgrim who has passed on before. Here is one, for example, which I give in full, and which, if local traditions report truly, was not undeserved:

"'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

"He was a Comfort and Staff to aged Parents, a faithful and affectionate Consort, a Patron and Lover of Free Masonry, a constant Benefactor to the Poor. Animated with public spirit, he promoted the good of society, and in his numerous public and private employments acted with strict integrity. He was a sincere Christian, and his memory shall be cherished."

Here is another:

"She was amiable in her temper, circumspect in her conversation, faithful in domestic life, a pattern of well-regulated affection in the conjugal state, given to cheerfulness and hospitality as a neighbor, humble and sincere in her Christian profession, patient in sickness, serene in death, believing that her Redeemer liveth."

Not bad sermons, these, in their emphasis of the virtues that give worth to public and private life; and all the more direct and forceful when truly identified with a real life: for still, as of old, it is the LIFE that is the light. There is frequently noticeable a certain primness or formality in the phraseology of these inscriptions, which is suggestive of the dignified reserve, not to say coldness, which is associated with the Puritan type of character, and is still thought to mark the average New Englander. "A pattern of well-regulated affection in the conjugal state," is rather a stiff way of saying that a woman was an affectionate wife, and the frequent use of the word "consort," with its suggestiveness of court ceremony and etiquette, recalls the time when in the average home the husband and wife addressed each other as "Mr." and "Mrs."; or if ever he dropped from the dignity of this address to the use of her Christian name, it was a familiarity seldom returned by her.

But the thought that came home to me above all others, as, with only a night's interval, I stood in these two resting-places of the dead, was the change which has come over the popular conceptions of death since our grandfathers and grandmothers were young. A distance of nearly a hundred years lay between the two. The older lay along the dusty roadside, and, until within late years, no tree or shrub cast its friendly shade in the field. No flowers bloomed there, except such as grew wild amid the grasses. If the summer butterfly rested his wings upon the gray headstone, it was Nature's happy thought, not man's, who, likely as not, had carved the repulsive skull and cross-bones below. Had our fathers sought to intensify the distrust and despondency of death to the human heart, they could hardly have done more to this end. The grave-yards echoed the sermons of the pulpits, and bore witness to the harsh and cheerless theology which dominated the popular mind, and which, whatever virtues it engendered, wounded the natural hope and joy of the heart. The newer place was a complete change of atmosphere. Nature had made it beautiful before man set it apart as a resting-place for his dead; and human taste and labor had worked with Nature, not against her, to make the spot more beautiful. Flowers gladdened every pathway. Birds sang their happy songs in the branches above. The air was fragrant with sweet odors, and everything seemed to whisper of life rather than of death. The beauty and quiet serenity of the place inspired only large and grand and trustful thoughts of death, such as disarm ignoble fear and lift the soul to some sense of its own divinity. It is a joy to mark, in all ways, the advance of a larger and humaner religious thought. Cremation has its advocates to-day, and they may grow in numbers until society returns again to its ancient custom. The sanitary bearings of the question seem to me of largest importance, and these are to be studied with reference to particular localities, not all alike. Meanwhile, not a little is to be said for these chosen spots which become not only resting-places for the dust of our loved ones, but, like the ancient Academe, groves for high and holy thought upon the great theme of human life.

Of all work that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice. Part of the nobility of the devotion of the true workman to his work consists in the fact that a man is not daunted by finding that drudgery must be done; and no man can readily succeed in any work of life without a good deal of what in plain English is called pluck.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MATERIALISM. — NATURAL RELIGION. — TWO PATHS.

I have read the leading parts of the discourses of Rev. Geo. Chainey, of Evansville, and your comments, and those of the *Christian Register*, on his views and present position. My word shall be suggestion rather than criticism.

Mr. Chainey is an honest man, and deserves credit for his frank and manly speech. Give him honor for sincerity—a cardinal virtue—and let there be no spirit of detraction or persecution for opinion's sake toward him; rather of respect for his courageous fidelity to his own convictions. Still remains the question: How much unity can there be between his aims and methods of teaching and yours?

There are Buddhists, Mussulmen, Catholics and Presbyterians as sincere and devoted as he is. Let us hope that the day of bigoted contempt and abuse against all such is passing away, Let us help its ending, and the dawn of a better. Let us recognize the truths all these, and others, hold and teach, and be, so far, in sympathy with them.

But could you join the Catholic or the Presbyterian in a common effort for religious education? Surely not; for your ideals differ so widely that a real unity for such purpose would be impossible. You might meet them now and then—might stand on the same platform, or pulpit, and each give their views, frankly, and in mutual respect for liberty of thought and speech. But it would be only the occasional meeting of different classes of thinkers, and each would go back to their own ideals and methods.

We may call Mr. Chainey a representative man. I will not say that he is an atheist or materialist, and will not use these names invidiously. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." I will not lack respect for the ability or sincerity of others, differ from them as I may; but I must hold and promulgate my opinions, not theirs, and must hold it a mental and spiritual absurdity to try to join in teaching opposite and conflicting ideas.

It is plain enough that Mr. Chainey inclines toward Materialism; his steps turn to that path. Deeper than all special dogmas or clauses in any creed is the issue between Materialism and a Spiritual Philosophy. This issue is *the* question of the age, reaching through religion, and science as well; giving hue and cast and method to the thought and study and life of the coming time. The oppositeness of these is plain; "the irrepressible conflict" between them inevitable.

The ideals and inspirations of the enlightened and rational devotee of natural religion turn to Deity and Immortality; to the wondrous spiritual powers and possibilities of man; the supremacy and permanence of the spirit; the *inner life* of man and Nature. In atom or flower or man, in mountain or ocean or blazing star, it is the same. Where body is, there is the soul; where matter is, there is ruling mind,—"God in all, and through all, and over all, forever." As the wise Bartol puts it: "The atheist says, 'No God distinct from Nature!' I answer, 'No Nature distinct from God.'" As soul rules body, so mind rules matter. This is a universal law, creative of all phenomena.

Turning to Materialism, and with a direct and commendable frankness Carl Vogt says: "The brain secretes thought as the liver does bile," bringing us, at once, to the logical

conclusion (from this premise) that mind is a secondary result of matter. Of course, human thought and emotion are but fine and fleeting results of digestion. The clay creates and sustains the soul, and when the body grows cold this is the last of earth or heaven for us. Moral sentiment, intuition, power of will and design, are wrought out of the insensate dust! The positive and shaping power of mind is lost sight of; the Supreme Intelligence is a myth of human childhood; there is no spiritual genesis of things. Verily, matter not merely builds better than it knows, but, knowing nothing, it evolves the spirit ever striving to know all, and then nips it, in the very bud of its being, by the untimely frost of death!

It is this materialistic logic which leads Robert Ingersoll to say: "After all, God is but a guess, throned and established by arrogance and assertion. * * * * All honest founders of religion have been the dreamers of dreams, the spoil of insanity, the prey of visions, the deceivers of others and themselves."

I have no fear of this modern frankness. Give us every man's honest thought, decently spoken, and we shall reach ever toward more truth, and toward a better daily life. But out of all this must come wise and clear thinking, as well as free thinking, and those who hold their ideas and inspirations and methods of thought as of signal value, must teach and advocate them with all earnest sincerity, and not make "confusion worse confounded" by vain efforts for unity in their work with those whose methods and teachings are directly opposite. There need be no battle of conflicting bigots, and there is, fortunately, ample ground for common effort in practical reform and daily life, where all true men and women can stand and act together; yet, still the fact stands, that unity for teaching opposite ideas is impossible.

Mr. Chainey is walking in one path: you are in another, and they do not converge, but reach wider apart as they go on. That is all. Yours, truly,

DETROIT, Mich., Sept 25, 1880. G. B. STEBBINS.

EAST AND WEST.

We owe our Western brethren many thanks for the good cheer which they gave to our Conference at Saratoga, and we really feel like hanging our heads abashed before their enthusiasm and zeal.

That is what we go to Saratoga for, to be ashamed of ourselves in the eyes of the Universe, for not doing more and better. We do not go there to hear of what is to be done only, though as to that, our brains are positively stuffed full of projects and good causes, laid incessantly before the Conference. We go rather to hear from somebody who has *done* something. Reports of what has actually been accomplished are the legitimate material for such a conference, and we cannot have too many of them. Not, however, dry statistics; so much money spent, so many missionaries sent out, so many miles traveled, so many sermons preached; we should doze over them, as we saw the Baptist people once do over a Sunday School report, when the somewhat woodeny young secretary finished off his statistics with this item: "No conversions this year," in precisely the same tone as he reported his debt and credit. We don't care much for facts in any denomination, however encouraging, unless we see a man or woman alive with them. When they set others on fire with the desire and determination to reproduce those facts in their own experience and work. This, we maintain, that our Western brethren have done for us. Everything they said made us feel that they were pressing forward to the mark—with no halting; no hesitation as to the things to be done, no fear that people would not approve, no doubt about getting their money, no timidity in asking for it, no quibbles about creeds, no self-introspection, no "putting the hand to the plough and looking back," and, therefore, as Jesus says, they are "fit for the Kingdom of God."

Among other objects proposed for our contributions this year, we are a little bit hurt that they turn such a cold shoulder on our Channing Memorial Building, in Boston. For our own part we are ready to receive every one of these objects into our heart and work for them. They are all admirable. Some of them should be rung in one's ears all the time, till we get up to the white-heat of generosity and service. But there should be a method in our madness. Let us single out one or two objects and work for those. But the trouble is each one wants his own. We confess that our pet project is the Channing Building in Boston. We see no reason why it should be very costly. Let it be suitable and dignified, the proper representative of a substantial body of people; the flower of New England and the West. Why do our beloved Western brethren put up their bosoms when we mention it, and say: "We don't want to put money into Bricks and Mortar?" What is the church in New York, in Chicago, in Washington, in Newport, but brick and mortar? Did not dear old Boston help to build them? Is there not a soul in all these bricks that warms the heart of those cities? Shall not Boston, the mother of our faith, have a denominational home, where her periodicals shall be issued, her books shall be sold, her executive bodies shall hold council, her ministers shall meet, her conferences shall convene, and her good and wise women shall work? Such a building as this, apart from its utility, that will be the centre of honored associations and hand them down to posterity in a way that our scattered forces can never do at present. "Let Boston do it herself" our brethren out West may say. Well and good. Won't they come and do the begging for us? No, we won't call it begging! Won't they come with their warm hearts and eloquent appeals to our wealthy men, and say: "Come, you have helped us, help yourselves,—build a Channing Memorial Home. Boston is waiting and ready to help you to do honor to Channing, and so are all the N. E. Churches. Make haste or this year will be gone." Thus, when all is done, how glad we shall be to welcome our Western brethren into our household of Faith; and we will not forget Ann Arbor, nor Meadville, nor Hampton, nor Greenfield, nor Oregon, nor California. We will go on "from strength to strength, till every one of us in Zion appeareth before God." MARTHA P. LOWE.

From "Unity Hymns and Chorals."

UNITY.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day!
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow Truth, and so be one with Thee!

—*J. W. Chadwick*

CONFERENCES.

EXTRACT

From Report of J. LL. JONES, *Secretary Western Unitarian Conference. Read before the National Conference at Saratoga. (For remainder of Report, see "Christian Register," Oct. 2, 1880.)*

MERE MENTION.

The thirty minutes allotted me cuts off this report just at the point where it is beginning to be interesting. Did time permit, I could tell you as to how Gabriel's resurrection trumpet has been heard at Cleveland, Kansas City, Mattoon, Denver, and West Side, Chicago, awaking them from the death-like sleep that was upon them two years. Could tell of the new societies organized and now in active operation at Madison, Wis., Charlotte, Mich., Cooksville, Wis., Hamilton and Sonora, Ill., Algona, Iowa, and Greeley, Col. It is not for me to speak of the great work done at the educational centers, Ann Arbor, Madison and Iowa City, for that is Bro. Shippen's thunder; but I would like to interest you in the small and humble things that have been and are doing for our cause out there. I would like to tell you of that youthful scout of our faith, Bro. Rickards, fresh from the Meadville school, who, single-handed and alone, dared to go out a hundred miles beyond our farthest picket, on a Kansas prairie, and there with his barrel only five sermons deep, had the audacity to organize the first Unitarian Church of Waterville. Three months later I took a journey into that far country, organized myself into a two days' conferencc and an ecclesiastical council, and ordained and installed this "voice in the wilderness," where the locusts were plenty, but the wild honey scarce. In less than a year's time, the boy Apostle had to fall back, and the wise ones of the East, who foresaw the disaster from the beginning, chalked down one more failure against the West; but a quarter of a century hence, when the Secretary of this National Conference will be going about visiting that part of his bishopric, called Kansas, he will find some flowers more fragrant, more delicate than all the others growing in that part of the human prairie, and he will find that the seed was first brought and planted there by an Unitarian missionary, a boy from New England. A similar successful failure was the temporary occupancy of Strawberry Point by S. W. Sample, of Hobart, Ind., by W. C. Litchfield. I would like to interest you in the little six-family parish at Wyoming, Wis., where this group of farming men and women maintain a Sunday School of forty children in a dingy school-house, and fortnightly services are held, they bringing their minister, Rev. Mr. Wright, forty miles each time, to conduct the services. The venerable little church at Northumberland, Pa., that maintains a thriving Sunday School, and an interesting lay service every Sunday morning, under the unpaid leadership of Miss Priestly, the great-great-grandchild of the great apostle of mental liberty, whose dust consecrates that ground. And of that other most interesting life under the leadership of Miss S. A. Brown, of Lawrence, Kansas, that has for the last two years maintained, in the historic old stone church of that city, one of the best disciplined Unitarian Sunday Schools in the West.

WESTERN WORK IN THE EAST.

"There is no doubt about it; the Mississippi Valley must send its missionaries to New England inside of twenty-five years," was the prophecy of the Concord seer a few years ago, and already the prophecy is being fulfilled. We have sent eastward, for this purpose, Parrot, Rowen, Thompson, and Robert Collyer, besides sparing, whenever we can, as many of our other workers as possible, for temporary efforts. It is hard for us to spare these laborers, but in the face of the great need we try to do our duty.

LESSONS.

Let not this report remind any of you of the lines in Christobel:

> "Carved with figures strange and sweet,
> All made out of the carver's brain."

I assure you these figures have a statistical value. A careful study of Western Unitarianism warrants some generalizations on scientific principles, among which, I would say, are: 1. Ours is not a ministry to the poor, though the poor are ours, to be helped. 2. It is not a ministry to the ignorant, although it is for us to help tutor the unlettered. 3. Neither is it a ministry to the orthodox, although we are not to forget the theological darkness that envelopes many of them. The tendency in all denominations, particularly in the West, is toward a reduction of dogmatic baggage, that the columns may be more easily moved in the interest of the religion that centers in Freedom, Fellowshlp and Character, which words are becoming the private mottoes of all preachers, whatever their formal creeds may be. But ours is—1, a mission to the inquirer, the honest doubter, the earnest seeker. 2. Ours is a mission to the scoffer, those who have identified the abuses of religion with religion, to whom church and preacher, Bible and prayer, have become synonymous with superstition, bigotry and phariseeism. 3. Lastly, ours is a mission to what George Eliot calls the perishing upper classes; to souls pauperized by inaction; to the thousand unfortunates in the West, who, in their great industry and determined search after wealth, have well-nigh aborted the faculties which make wealth desirable.

It ought to be readily seen that this is no mission for weaklings; however much we may regret it, it is the ministry which the mediocre cannot fill. None but strong men can do the work of the Unitarian minister in the West. There are plenty of men already on the ground with pick, shovel and wheelbarrow, to handle the rubbish and cart it away. The call is for architects, and none but architects need apply. The case is yet to be heard of where an Eastern failure makes a Western success in the Unitarian ministry. A successful missionary cannot be made out of a minister who wants to be settled, but can't; but must always be one who can be settled, but won't. If there be any strong men in this presence men who can convince others of their strength as well as' themselves, to them the West beckons with an apostolic call, and to none others.

RECOMMENDATIONS AND PETITIONS.

Friends, the West is here to-day to chant no Jeremiads To us the sun still rises in the east, and the horizon is aglow.. Neither are we here with selfish petition, We want to be taught to do our own work; we are anxious to do our full share. We ask the National Conference to do nothing for us, but we beg of you to do some things with us. The center of gravity of this Conference falls in the Mississippi Valley. There ultimately, gentlemen, must your headquarters be built. We want your help in carrying our word into the shamefully-neglected South. Our word alone will reconstruct that distracted country. We want you to help keep intact and in equipment the spiritual laboratory that looks down

upon the beautiful valley of Meadville, where has been and where there still may be elaborated a fair proportion of the best constructive elements of our Unitarian chemistry. Of its needs and its demands, shall we hear more from others. We want your co-operation in spiritualizing as well as rationalizing the young men and women at Ann Arbor, Madison, and Lawrence, Kansas. This calls for $10,000 for Ann Arbor, $5,000 for Madison, as building funds, and $800 a year for Lawrence, to enable that already active society to call at once the man whom Nature and their own choice have elected as a fitting minister to the four hundred Kansas boys and girls who attend that University. We beg of this Conference to salary its Secretary, that there may be one more minister, able and earnest, free from the tyrannical demands of a settled pastorate, and one fixed pulpit to help us on in our work.

On the upper waters of the Mississippi, in the city of the great Apostle, there labors one who bears that name most intimately related to Channing himself, and he bears the name worthily, for the Channing mantle falling upon the elder Gannett, has been inherited by the son. That society, now houseless, is struggling for a home. Led by their pastor, they are putting themselves to the work with a consecration and self-sacrifice that does not shame their Boston home. They are sorely pressed for the last three or four thousand dollars, and I mention it here in the clear faith that there are some in this presence whose purse strings will open to this plea sooner than any other. To such let me say, be not afraid; your money will be carefully expended. It is safe to invest missionary money in the metropolis of the world's great wheat field.

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CONCLUDING WORDS.

Friends, the forward look is the only look where there is growth. In mythology the devil always lurks behind, and if he succeed in inducing his victim in looking around, he will surely have him in the ditch presently. From the day of Lot's wife to this, looking back has resulted disasterously. Deep in the eighth circle of hell did Dante find the false prophets, and lo! their heads were put on their shoulders facing backward. What if there have been lost opportunities, there are plenty left, better ones than have ever been lost. This word "*Unitarian*" has within it potent possibilities which even we of this Conference are but just beginning to catch glimpses of. I return to work with those who are determined to find the root of this word, not in *Unit*, which is still the germ of a dogma, but in *Unity*, the most ethical word in our language to-day. Modern science, moral and physical, is focalized in that word. The entire gospel of Christian brotherhood is bottled up in it. Our friend Hale is prepared to argue that this is the historic derivation of the word *Unitarian*. Be that as it may, it is on this oneness of humanity, the unity of the world of life and religion, that we of the West are training to teach the multitude the gospel of *Unity*-arianism. It may be that the struggle for the majority is ten thousand years long, and that in the process more churches are to die on our hands. That is none of our business. Let us work for no smaller end than this. It was the faith of our fathers; it is the word on our banner.

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over, That is a sign that the heart has begun to wither—and that is a dreadful kind of old age. —*George MacDonald.*

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

J. LL. J.

"What news abroad i' the world?"

FRANCE.—Ernest Renan has been made a member of the Legion of Honor. Ten years ago Marshal McMahon refused to sign such a document on account of his heresy. The world's fellowsnip is widening.

ABBOTT'S CLASSICAL SCHOOL.—F. E. Abbott, so long the able editor of *The Index*, has opened a Classical School for boys, in Memorial Building, New York City. Happy ought the lads to be who enjoy the benefits of his instruction.

HARD TO PLEASE.—The *Independent* complains that the Presbyterians, at their late conclave in Philadelphia, in compiling a songs service from the psalms, in order to humor the prejudices of that branch of this church that will sing nothing else, in church, unwittingly made a Unitarian hymn book.

INDIANA.—The world moves even here. *The Index* says that:

Frederick Douglass spoke recently in an Indiana town where, thirty-seven years ago, he had been beaten by a mob and left for dead. There were men there who had seen the murderous assault, and the woman who dressed his wounds after the mob had left him. The people wept as he recalled the story.

ENGLAND.—The Burial Bill has finally passed both Houses and is a law, and the time has come when a dead dissenter may receive decent interment; yet the Archbishop of York and six Bishops voted against it.

—Stopford Brooke, the biographer of Robertson, and for many years one of the leading lights of the Broad Church, has recently cast his lot with the Unitarian movement. The *Unitarian Herald* recognizes in him a successor to Dr. Martineau, as a pulpit orator.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—W. T. Harris, than whom there is no more careful student of our American schools, has recently been telling the Superintendents of New England of the need of the introduction of greater spirituality in our public school methods. When we remember the relentless mill that grinds text books' figures, facts, and examination papers through the children of our public schools largely to the neglect of poetry, music, and the amenities of life, leaving even morals to come in by the way, we can but sympathize with Mr. Harris' anxiety and second his petition.

IOWA CITY.—The autumnal meetings of the Iowa Unitarian Association convenes at this place Nov. 16–18. V. B. Cushing, Esq., of this place, has made for himself a parish and began work in it. After preaching for some time at several points in the vicinity of Iowa City he has found a general desire for the continuance of such meetings. The people of Riverside and River Junction have come forward spontaneously and engaged him for half the time. He will devote the other half to other points. For the present he will reside in Iowa City for the advantages it affords him in his studies.

NORTHFIELD, MASS.—Moody is starting a Girls' School at this place, where board and tuition is offered at the low price of $100 per year, and American literature is to occupy a more prominent feature in the course of study than is common in

such schools. This looks as if the evangelist has himself been studying some of the Liberal Preachers Out of the Pulpit, in America. Lowell, Longfellow and Emerson correct the Adventist's dream, and he who a few months ago, was working in season and out of season to save a few souls more ere the world was burned up, a catastrophy which he thought was daily to be expected, has concluded to save the world, partly at least, with the slow but sure methods of culture.

CINCINNATI.—This city, according to the *Literary World*, stands "eighth in rank among American cities, measured by population, and as a center of art culture it bids fair to take the lead of its rivals." The new Art Museum subscription of $300,000, is raised within $10,000, nearly all of it having been raised through the intense energy and practical wisdom of one man.——C. W. Wendte's Church opens most hopefully after the vacation. "Why Don't the People Go to Church?" and "Why Don't the People Go to the Unitarian Church?" were the topics of two recent discourses preached by him which created newspaper discussions. M. D. Conway occupied the pulpit on the 27th ult. and preached on the "Religion of Humanity."

JANESVILLE, WIS.—The annual meeting of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies, will be held in "All Souls Church," Janesville, Wis., Nov. 9-11, 1880. The full programme will soon be published and sent you. Messrs. Herford, Kerr, Gannett, Gordon, Simmons and others, are expected to participate. All pains will be taken to have a profitable and hearty session. A general rally of the friends of Liberal Thought and Practical Religion throughout the State, and the adjoining parishes of Illinois and Minnesota, is urgently desired. The usual railroad reductions will be arranged for. The society at Janesville will extend cordial hospitality to all who come. If practicable, send your names beforehand to the President of the Ladies' Society, Mrs. S. J. M. Putnam, but come anyway. Please extend this notice. WM. C. WRIGHT, Secretary; JAS. H. HOWE, President.

THE NEW DEPARTURE ASSOCIATION.—This is the breezy title of a young venture at Batavia, N. Y., with C. Honghton as secretary. We allow it to outline its own ideal and will sympathetically watch its efforts to realize it, and whenever we can "Lend a hand." The New Departure Association, having for its "creed," "*Man not Ruined, but Incomplete*," is laboring for his developement by a wise unfoldment of every faculty according to the light that the sciences and modern research has placed within our reach; also harmonizing that large class who thus believe in a more perfect organization for the advancement of those truths that lead to a higher plane of thought and action. With the nucleus of a publishing house, already secured, the association has in view the establishment of a lecture bureau, tract society, etc., with auxiliary societies in every State, and so far as can be done, in every town and hamlet weekly lyceums and schools for the general improvement of the young, and reading circles for all, together with whatever else may be neeessary to keep abreast of the demands of the age.

A NOBLE QUAKER.—M. D. Conway has written a characteristic letter, full of tenderness, to the daughter of Benjamin Hallowwell, a well-known saint—among the Friends,—he says:

I would like, on this soft October day, to pluck that last white rose in my garden, and kneel to plant it on his grave, emblem of his pure simplicity—the light that clothed him—the sweet fragrance of his beautiful life.

After long years of contact with sects and their dogmas, I find that I have a creed, and it is written in such lives and hearts as your father's. The faith that can produce such a man is the faith for me. With one Benjamin Hallowell I will outweigh all the theology ever written.

I have over my table, in a frame sent from India, one leaf of the Holly Bo tree, the tree under which it is said Buddha sat down a prince and at last rose up an enlightened teacher, 500 years before Christ.

As I look at the leaf, it seems to be transformed, in memory, to an old grove, with Sandy Springs meeting house in the centre—there I sat down a Methodist preacher, and rose up with faith in the inward light. We must all have our Bo tree before we can reverence that of another, and although I am not very enlightened, I can see the light, and as Paul says, follow after.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH.—Rev. S. W. Sample has been taking his vacation during the month of September, finding his rest in doing missionary work in connection with the State missionary, Mr. Kittridge, at Ionica, where there is a fair prospect of a permanent movement. A minister who in his haste said some unbrotherly things concerning Bro. Sample, brought forth in the local paper the following vindication signed by *Unity*:

"Mr. Sample is a man of much more than ordinary culture, full of fire, energy, and devotion to his faith, and his sermons are rare treats, intellectually as well as morally. Those who go expecting to be strengthened in unbelief, or hear a tirade against other churches will be disappointed. His sermon last Sunday was a model in that respect, and was one of the best it has been our good fortune to hear in a long time. To call such a man, a person who mixes just enough truth with sermon to catch the unwary and thoughtless, as was done recently from one of our pulpits, smacks of a waywardness and want of Christian charity that is a sad commentary on the ecclesiastical way of thinking. Whatever may be thought of Unitarianism, it cannot be denied that it numbers among its adherents many of the ripest intellects and noblest men of the time, and deserves, at least, a respectful hearing. Those who believe we may be sincerely and earnestly religious, and at the same time free from shackles of superstition, that we may love God supremely and our neighbors as ourselves without being in mental bondage, or one-sided, or intellectual dwarfs, will find in Mr. Sample a man after their own heart. We bespeak for him what the latest and freshest treatment of any subject always demands at our hands—a candid hearing. Come out and hear, and judge for yourselves."

KANSAS CITY.—The local papers are printing copious extracts from Mr. Utter's sermons, and report his audiences as steadily increasing. A course of Sunday evening lectures on "Ethnic Religions," is in process. He recently preached from the text, "Look Not Behind Thee," and tried the best he could to save Church and State from the disaster that befell Mrs. Lot.

"Any party or association of men has seen its best days when it turns to read its history and boast of it. This is the trouble with the Republican party of to-day. It depends too much upon its record, and has too little regard for present work or future plans or policy. Read its platforms—very definite statements of its past great deeds, very indefinite statements of future policy or present principles. The great political word of to-day is, 'Look forward!' Such a country as ours, wisely governed, has a future grander than anything the world has ever seen. That future ought to be foreseen and planned for, and provided for, or we may die of the greatness thrust upon us. Some look back through laziness. * * * * * * Take the material that the past heaps at your feet, and with thankful heart build your temple of it, and build with modern plans for ventilation, however much of beauty you may borrow from the past."

—Rev. Mr. Bell, a Presbyterian minister of this place, has

been telling the people about "Hell's half acre," and did not go to any far theological country to find it, but discovered it within the city limits, where human beings were huddled together in shanties seven by nine, living in sin and misery, without semblance of comfort, while the owner of these tenements was rolling in wealth taken from these poor wretches, and calling himself a Christian.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—Rev. S. S. Hunting, whose service to the cause of Liberal religion in the West has extended through many years of untiring zeal, and unrecorded sacrifice and generosity, has yielded to the importunities of this little band of liberals at the capital city of Iowa. The work needs, though it cannot pay, his entire time and energy. The foundation which has been so well laid by Mr. Effinger awaits the superstructure to the building of which Mr. Hunting and his zealous wife are now to devote themselves. An unique installation service was recently held in which Mr. Joel P. Davis, president of the board of trustees, served as the officiating brother in the happy marriage service. After an appropriate address, pastor and people plighted their vows as follows:

Question to the Congregation.—Do you, of your own free choice, elect and receive Rev. S S. Hunting as your Christian minister, to serve you as your pastor and preacher?

Answer.—We do.

Question to the Minister.—Do you heartily and freely accept the responsibilities of the Christian minister of this church, to serve as its pastor and preacher?

Ans.—I do.

To the Congregation.—Do you promise to be punctual in all your dealings with your minister and prompt in the discharge of all the obligations which may be due from you?

Ans.—We do.

To the Minister.—Do you promise to be dilligent in your calling, speaking the truth as you see it, and proclaiming the "glad tidings" of our liberal faith as you have opportunity, without fear and with a just intent?

Ans.—I do.

To the Congregation.—Do you promise to work with your pastor elect in all things reasonable, and sustain him in every good word and work to which duty and benevolence shall call him?

Ans.—We do.

To the Minister.—Do you promise to co-operate with this congregation in making the truth you preach a living reality in this community?

Ans.—I do.

To the Congregation.—Will you stand with your minister against all opposition while he is true to his duty, faithful to the doing of it, and pure in his life?

Ans.—We will.

To the Minister.—Will you endeavor to show yourself a workman who may not be ashamed of his work, and so far as in you lies, live peaceably with all men.

Ans.—I will.

To the Congregation.—Will you give of the worldly goods which you may possess for the support of this church over which you now install your minister with a generous heart according to your several abilities.

Ans.—We will.

To the Minister.—Are you ready to make any reasonable sacrifice to preach to us and others in this community the foundation truths of our religion viz: The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man as the child of God, in all their vital and practical relations?

Ans.—I am.

Officiating Brother.—In vlew of these promises and the duties you mutually espouse, I declare this union consummated; and may pastor and people, minister and congregation belong united in one spirit and purpose.

Then followed a sermon on "What the Liberal Faith Stands For." *Unity* extends hearty congratulations to the bride and groom.

CHICAGO.—The recent visit of Mr. Thomas Hughes, M. P. better known to us all as Tom Brown of Rugby, was the occasion of a dinner, given by the Literary Club, on the evening of his arrival, and an informal reception at the Public Library on Saturday.

Mr. Hughes was the guest of Rev. Brooke Herford while in this city. The object of his visit to this country is to look after the interests of his colony in Tennessee. Apropos of this, we subjoin the following extract from the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, which explains itself:

"RUGBY.

"The name is a synonym of the work of one of the greatest and grandest of modern teachers—Dr. Arnold. It is quite proper that it should be transported across the Atlantic by the man who has made the name and the teacher famous in the new world, and made to designate a new communal colony, planted on the headwaters of the Cumberland and the Tennessee. Mr. Hughes, in an address delivered at the dedication of the colony, Oct. 5, pointed out plainly its purposes and the aims of its founders. They propose to lay out a large and variegated section of ground into parks, commons, and lands which may be bought and owned in fee simple and managed at the will of the owner. An incorporated school, a church edifice, lawns and grounds for exercise and recreation will be controlled and managed by the corporation. The sale of alcoholic liquors will be prohibited. A store or commissary will contain the goods which are needed, which will be sold for cash, and the profits distributed to the customers on the plan of the Rochdale and other communal stores in England. In regard to religion, the English church will, without a doubt, be the one favored by the directors of the colony. But Mr. Hughes says:

"Let me say at once and with emphasis that there will be no attempt here to interfere with individual freedom. Everyone will be free to worship in his own way, and to provide for whatever religious ministrations he requires, out of his own ideas. But, this being granted, is there not something which we may profitably attempt as a community? We think there is, and have accordingly appropriated certain lots as a means of supporting public worship and religious ministrations here.

"We are putting up a temporary building as a church, in which the experiment will be tried whether the members of different Christian denominations cannot agree well enough to use one building for their several acts of worship. In it I trust there will always be heard the Common Prayer of that Liturgy which both in England and America has proved itself the best expression through many generations of the joys, hopes and aspirations of a large portion of those who speak our language, and has risen from innumerable gatherings all round the globe laden with confessions of our shortcomings and appeals for guidance and strength in the mighty work which has been laid upon our race.

"But, as there will undoubtedly be also a desire for other forms of worship, in which more direct expression can be given (in the opinion of the worshipers) to the fleeting as well as the permanent hopes and fears of erring and rejoicing and penitent men and women, we shall rejoice if they will use the same building with us as a pledge of Christian brotherhood and an acknowledgement that, however far apart our course may seem to lie, we steer by one compass and seek one port."

The success of this experiment of English emigration into the South has important bearings on American as well as English statesmanship. The thrifty example of the non-partisan Englishman will do much to hasten on the work of reconstruction. The South is more in need of intelligent plowmen than of stump-speakers. Less politics and more gardening will do the work for them.

The world, says Thackeray, deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarreled with it, but it was he, and not it, who was in the wrong.

The Unity Club.

UNITY CHURCH FRATERNITY, CHICAGO.

This organization held its first session of the season in the parlor of Unity Church on the evening of the 6th inst. The following are the officers for the coming year: Prest., H. T. Rodgers; Vice Prest., J. P. Reynolds and Mrs. B. F. Felix; Secretary, Edgar Holt; Treasurer, Charles T. Adams. There was a good attendance, and some plans were laid for the winter's campaign.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

This organization works in connection with the Sunday School in Mr. Farrington's Church. It meets fortnightly. Its exercises for October are as follows:

Oct. 9—Opening Soiree. Tea at 5:30 P. M.

Oct. 14—Glimpses of Peasant Life in a corner of Picardy, by Mrs. Farrington.

Oct. 21—George Moore, the Philanthropist, by C. M. Capelton.

A WINTER WITH THE CONCORD AUTHORS.

Concord unquestionably is the Literary Mecca of America. From it has emanated the most permanent contributions to literature that America has made. The books of and about its authors are easily obtained, besides they naturally group themselves around a certain vital center. The recollections of a delightful winter's work induces us to print the following schedule simply as a suggestion:

1. Alcott.
2. Thoreau.
3. Margaret Fuller and the Blithedale Romance.
4. Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.
5. House of Seven Gables.
6. Marble Faun.
7. Mosses, Twice Told, and Tanglewood Tales.
8. Emerson.

UNITY CLUB, BLOOMINGTON.

The first literary meeting of this Club was held at a private residence Wednesday evening, Sept. 29. The programme consisted of opening remarks by the President, a paper on Current Events, a paper on William Cullen Bryant, followed with a rendition of "The Flood of Years," a sketch of Longfellow, with a recitation of "Robert of Sicily." The exercises closed with a solo, Longfellow's "The Bridge." The portraits of Bryant and Longfellow were upon the walls. There was a large number present, and the exercises were reported to be of a delightful character and auspicious of a profitable winter's work. A week later a musical committee gave a public entertainment in the Free Cong. Church. The local press pronounce it one of the best literary and musical entertainments ever given in the city, and it is to be repeated.

UNITY CLUB, CINCINNATI.

This energetic club has its Sunday course of lectures already started, and promises to do this year what it did last year, give the ablest course of Sunday lectures in the country for minimum prices and to the largest audiences. The course was opened by M. D. Conway, with a lecture on "The Wandering Jew," which was followed the next Sunday by a lecture on "Charles Kingsley," by Thomas Hughes. Both the theme and the speaker offers attractive subjects for Club study. Of the subject Mr. Hughes said: "I can feel no doubt myself, speaking six years after his death, that with one, or possibly two, exceptions there is no man who in the last thirty years has done more to raise and mould the life and thought of the race he loved so well, than Charles Kingsley." In introducing Mr. Hughes, the chairman paid the following graceful tribute to the club: "Thanks to an association that is doing much good in diffusing knowledge of a high order among the people; we are enabled in the midst of intense political excitement, to refresh our minds by turning to a quiet but most fruitful theme, to be treated by a master mind."

HOW TO STUDY EMERSON.

Let the whole class furnish themselves with a copy of the book, beginning, say, with the "Conduct of Life." Number the paragraphs in the essay, for purposes of easy reference. Let all read the essay selected for the evening, with pencil in hand, marking ambiguous passages, unintelligible allusions, etc., with one line in the margin; noblest passages, sentences that give most satisfaction, with two lines. When the class come together, let the leader solicit from each, with closed book, the noblest text, the sentence most worthy of becoming proverbial, that rests in the mind; then opening the books, passing from paragraph without reading, comparing notes in this wise: 1. What dark things have you marked? 2. What the brightest passages? 3. What the gist of it? By following out every classical and historical allusion, by careful word study, one circle at least found such a method yielding pleasant conversation, happy fellowship, and much culture, without any paper-writing or pretentious generalization. Perhaps some Unity Club would like to try it.

The Study Table.

Under this head will be noticed all books, pamphlets, and magazines received at this office from publishers, with price and such editorial comment as our space will admit; also such news of literary activities as will be most welcome to the liberal reader.

Any publications noticed in this column can be ordered from this office.

NATURAL RELIGION. A book of general exercises for Sunday Schools. By Frederick A. Hinckley. Published by Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, pph. 64 pages.

RULES AND REGULATIONS of the Corps of Volunteer Visitors of the Associate Charities of Cincinnati, pph. 20 pages.

MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.—The Atlantic, Unitarian Review, and The Dial.

THE STORY OF AUNT LIZZIE AIKEN, by Mrs. Galusha Anderson. Jansen, McClurg & Co. $1 00.

LITERARY NOTES.

Putnam's Sons have just issued $2.00 editions of O. B. Frothingham's Life of Theodore Parker, and his "History of Transcendentalism in New England." It would be hard to find two books better suited to the study table of a liberal thinker.——"The Literary World" in its review of Rowell's Newspaper Directory, says "There are 9,700 journals now published in the United States, of which 14 are bi-monthlies, 43 are bi-weeklies, 55 are quarterlies, 55 are tri-weeklies, 123 are semi-monthlies, 129 are semi-weeklies, 843 are dailies, 868 are monthlies, and 7,590 are weeklies. 450 are religious periodicals. It finds but 6 periodicals whose circulation is estimated at above 100,000. These are the New York *Herald*, *Sun*, and *News*, the Boston *Herald*, the *Youth's Companion*, and *Scribner's Monthly*.——Among the curiosities are to be found barber's and tailor's reviews, a journal of inebriety and a Cancer Journal which latter has a circulation of 500."

These figures are not wholly sources of congratulation, but awaken in us grave apprehensions for the intellectual life of America, lest it be utterly swamped in this muddy sea of printer's ink. We know of no single safeguard more trustworthy than to read and heed the "Literary World" itself.—A new edition of Gilbert Haven's "Life of Father Taylor" is soon to be published.——Over 2500 names are on the books of the Society to "Encourage Study at Home." The very

name of the society is an efficient missionary.——Save the children not simply from bad reading but from becoming premature book-worms. Roberts Bros. in their autumn announcement have no less than 9 new books for children, written by such authors as Louise Alcott, Susan Coolidge, Louise Chandler Moulton, and E. E. Hale. They also announce Julia Ward Howe's new book on "Modern Society." ——*Science*, is the name of a new weekly paper, 229 Broadway, N. Y. Its name indicates its aim.——Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued a new 6 vol. edition of "Nathaniel Hawthorne." It is to be sold for $10.——Richard Grant White for once has ceased to quarrel about words, and has thrown his lance at a frightful thing. In the Oct. *Atlantic* he has a paper on "A National Vice," dealing chiefly with British intemperance.——Lee, Shepard & Co. publish the proceedings of "The Radical Club" and "Gleanings in the Field of Art," by Mrs. Cheney, this fall.——Brains are profitable if one has enough of them. Alfred Tennyson is said to have received $1,500 for his *De Profundus* in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*.——*The Free Lance* is the suggestive title of a clearly-printed, 12-paged monthly, started by O. B. Slayer, Brownsville, Pa. It proposes to hold its pages open to every Son of Adam who has a wrong to right or a truth to tell, for 50 cts. per annum.——Mrs. Swisshelm's "Half a Century" ran out of print in three weeks. Jansen, McClurg & Co., of this city, have taken it, and have brought out a new and much handsomer edition.——Thomas Hughes, in his lecture on "Charles Kingsley," in Cincinnati, recently said that the life and letters of Kingsley, although published in two large and costly volumes and compiled in the most effective way to make them *non*-popular works, reached the ninth edition within a year. This fact he explains on the ground that Kingsley "touched English life on more points, expressed its doubts and longings, and at the bottom, its faith, more vividly than any of his contemporaries. * * Page after page, the reader finds himself face to face with the deepest problem of human life." Such a book must be one of the rare books that is worth studying.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MANUAL.

F. A. Hinckley's compilation of selections for the use of the Sunday School in connection with the Free Religious Society of Providence, R. I., is a rich collection of gems, gathered from the field of humanity, unbounded by time or race, but so loosely thrown together, so wanting in rubric as to make it an inefficient help in the hands of any but skilled laborers. It is a book worthy a place on the study table.

ASSOCIATED CHARITIES.

It is a long time since we have found so much religion of the Good Samaritan and Abou Ben Adam kind packed in so small a space as in the little pamphlet compiled by C. W. Wendte, of Cincinnati, of the Associated Charity Visitors. Though compiled for the special work in Cincinnati, it is good for any latitude, and from beginning to end is good reading as well as sound sense. Every one who would dispense blessings of any kind to the poorer ones in the common family, will do well to possess themselves of a copy of these rules and regulations.

"THE DIAL."

This Chicago venture in literature is becoming more and more attractive with each number. The present copy contains an interesting notice of the 4th Vol. of Greene's History of England, by Brooke Herford; a review of Murdock's "Recollection of the Stage;" Tourgee's "Bricks without Straw;" of Nichols' "Lord Byron," and an admirable amount of literary news and bibliographical matter. Amongothers is a notice of the Unity Hymns and Chorals. The editor questions Dr, Johnson's fancy that poetry and hymns are incompatible, and suggests that "good hymns ought to have poetry as well as piety in them," and such are the hymns he finds in this book.

AUNT LIZZIE AIKEN.

This story of a live, earnest woman, who received from her ancestors an inheritance of virtue, a deeply religious nature, makes one feel strongly that—

> "Oh lightly heed the righteous few
> How little to themselves is due,"

and should broaden our charity and our sympathy for the unfortunately born. It should teach us that there is no heritage we can hand down to our children and children's children equal to a tendency to purity and nobility of life, an innate impulse in the direction of the true and good. If we could only feel, as we ought, that every wrong impulse checked, every honest thought and act encouraged, every generous desire fostered, every advance step we take in the direction of true nobility is not only an advance step for us, but for posterity in all coming time. If we could only once fully understand that "death does not end all," that we really live in the helpful or hurtful influence we leave behind us; that we impress ourselves more or less strongly, not only on our own posterity, but for good or ill on all with whom we come in contact. If "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," so also are their virtues.

The book has a special interest in the story of her hospital life, as the late war nurses interest us and appeal to our patriotism and sympathy, but we feel that she found her real place in the Erring Woman's Home. In her diary she writes: "I am more and more convinced every day that if I would do these fallen girls good, I must do as Christ did: put my hands upon them. As long as they see that, however much I wish to do them good, yet I have a repugnance to coming in contact with them, they will never trust or confide in me." And like the brave woman she was, she did take them to her arms and heart. With a woman so rarely qualified for the work, it is certainly no credit to those who undertook the smaller problem of finances, that it was allowed to drop for want of interest because "many returned to their life of vice." However helpful a denominational work she may have done in the church since, it cannot but be a regret to all interested in the large philanthropies of the day, that she was not enabled to go on with the work she seems to have succeeded so admirably in.

The lesson of this life is, that no matter what the discouragements may be, to the soul endowed with energy, enthusiasm, and a desire to help mankind, life is never a failure.

S. C. LL. J.

EXTRACTS FROM "HELPS TO DEVOUT LIVING."

The universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other.—*Epictetus.*

Coleridge said he thought the act of praying to be, in its perfect form, the very highest ENERGY of which the human heart was capable.

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a God.—*Jacobi.*

If we but lived as we ought to live, and as we might live, a power would go out from us that would make every day a lyric sermon that should be seen and felt by an ever-enlarging audience.—*Starr King.*

The best name by which we can think of God is Father. It is a loving, deep, sweet, heart-touching name; for the name of father is in its nature full of unborn sweetness and comfort. Therefore, also, we must confess ourselves children of God; for by this name we deeply touch our God, since there is not a sweeter name to the Father, than the voice of the child.—*Martin Luther.*

God send us a real religious life, which shall pluck blindness out of the heart, and make us better fathers, mothers, and children; a religious life that shall go with us where we go, and make every house the house of God, every act acceptable as a prayer!—*Parker.*

It is so, that we must come to the sense of the deepness of the blessing of the life we live. Go into the heart of it, at whatever labor and pain; enter mightily into its duties, watch not for its shadow alone, as complainers do, but most of all for its light. * * * We may well thank God, and take courage, and march on, when we know that the pillars of cloud by day and of fire by night are set fast in the divine order, to guide us on our way. Let us be sure that all is well whatever comes, while we trust and *stand fast* and *strive;* and only hopeless, and rightly hopeless, when we want what we are in no wise willing to *earn.* The glory and glow of life come by right living.—*Robert Collyer.*

The Exchange Table.

F. B. C.

THE INDEX.—"An obelisk of Hallowell granite, an exact reproduction in form of Cleopatra's needle as it stood at Heliopolis, is soon to be erected over Charlotte Cushman's grave, at Boston's Mount Auburn cemetery."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.—We heartily agree. "People with whom it is an open question every Sunday morning whether they will go to church, are not only not most apt to go, but they are not apt to be those who profit most by going. Children brought up by people of that sort are apt to be bad members of the church, if they are made members at all."

THE INDEX.—Well, why not? "Miss Margaret Hicks, who graduated in architecture at Cornell University at its last Commencement, is said to be the first woman in this country to enter her chosen profession. A contemporary remarks that great things in the way of closets are to be hoped for, if women architects become frequent."

THE GOLDEN RULE.—"Pere Hyacinthe, in celebrating the marriage of a priest of Rome in Paris, took occasion to remark npon the great advance of toleration in this respect since his own revolt. He denounced the celibacy of the priesthood, and maintained that marriage no more degraded the priest, or rendered him unfit to discharge his religious functions, than it unfitted other professional men. He had never known any priest too holy to contract marriage, but he had found many that were unworthy to do so.

A SECRET.—"The great cathedral at Cologne is at last finished; and the devotees of—art will everywhere be glad. Religion began it, in 1248; but in this nineteenth century it was only devotion to art that completed it. It has been so long in building that, grand as its design, even the name of its original architect has been lost. But as late as 1830 his plans were found among some old musty and dust-covered documents, and the edifice has been finished substantially in accordance with them—an interesting fact, by the way, that will serve preachers for some time with a new illustration. It can be used by both conservatives and radicals. But we are not going to tell them how."

THE INDEPENDENT, tells how Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," found his wife. "Mr. Arnold was in the British Museum one day—the day when the pictures by the old masters were allowed to be copied—when his attention was arrested as never before by a picture of Perugino, which a beautiful young lady was copying. Irresistibly he halted and admired the painting with her. Presently the face of the fair woman, in his eyes, grew more charming than the work of Perugino, and Mr. Arnold did not rest until Miss Fanny Channing, the daughter of the Rev. W, H. Channing, of London, had become his wife. He was married in 1869, and his home life is said to have been exceptionally happy."

THE INDEX.—"Among the contributions to the interest of the late wedding party of Prof. Willard Fiske, of Cornell University, and his bride, at the residence of Minister White in Germany, was the following little gem of a speech from Dr. Berthold Auerbach, the great German author: 'We have witnessed to-day the formation of an American union; but it has been concluded upon German soil. Our friend Fiske has devoted himself to the investigation of the Germanic north, and as a representative of the literature of the world, of which Goethe prophesied to us, but which, after all, is best cultivated by the maintenance of each one's nationality. But, while each nation is bound to cultivate its own literature, those who interpret to it the literatures of other nations render a great service; and this is the service which Prof. Fiske has so well rendered to his own country. I am also reminded here, that this is a somewhat Homeric and classical episode. As Ulysses came forth from Ithaca, wandered about the world seeing many noted cities and famous men, so may our friend, the bridegroom of to-day, having found his wife on foreign soil, return, like Ulysses, to Ithaca, and find a happy and prosperous home.' The happy couple are expected to reach home during the holidays."

THE INDEX, contains this description of Moncure D. Conway, and his church in London. "Moncure D. Conway who arrived in this country but a few days ago is already much talked about in the papers. We find among others this allusion to him. It is stated that he "went to London eighteen years ago to preach freedom of belief in spiritual matters, and returns to New York now a man forty-eight years old, though he looks to be sixty. His long, untrimmed beard is snow-white, and lines of age are deepening; yet his hair is brown, and his complexion clear and healthful. He says that his London congregation numbers over five hundred now, and among them are many bright, vigorous intellects, graduates of the great universities. The music is said to be the best in London. The hymns we sing are from the works of Dante and Goethe, and of other great poets. Above the platform where I sit are to be built three arches, with the name Jesus over the central arch, with Buddha over the left arch, and Shakespeare the right. Then on a bright frieze running around the chapel, are to be painted in brilliant colors the names of Zoroaster, Socrates, Confucius, Pythagoras, Plato, Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, Mohammed, Socinius, Servetus,

Swedenborg, Channing, Theodore Parker, and other great religious teachers.'"

JANESVILLE GAZETTE.—Those who have suffered the agonies which our customs inflict, will appreciate this item: "The clergy of various denominations in Minneapolis have taken up the movement against extravagance at funerals, of which there have been a few signs recently in certain parts of the East. A circular was prepared, sent out and signed, which sets forth that there has often been observed in funerals needless confusion and pain owing to the unwise action of well-meaning friends, and that custom has inclined to make them more expensive, until, in some cases, the desire to render loving tribute to the dead, or to conform to what is thought to be required, involves a burdensome outlay. Accordingly, it is recommended that so far as may be, funerals be from the house, and that the services be separated from the interment. The advantages of this plan are enumerated as follows: It leaves the family to take farewell of its dead undisturbed by onlookers; it diminishes by so much the pang of the most grievous hour in the whole event; it gives a peculiar tenderness and power of consolation to the presence of friends at the devotional service; it does away with the inevitable confusion that attends the removal of the coffin and the marshaling of a funeral procession, and removes the necessity of attendant vehicles which form so large a part of the customary expense."

WOMAN'S JOURNAL, alluding to Mrs. Howe's paper, read before the Social Science Association, at Saratoga, on "Changes in American Society," in which we are warned not to let "art take the place of thought," says: "And, in this age—and I almost write rage—for universal decoration, it is a warning that women should consider. The apathy in Cincinnati over the great questions that touch the problem of woman's life and plan, is largely due to the absorption in the Ceramic decoration which is so much a specialty of life among Cincinnati women that the bare narration of their devotion to clays, paints and glazes, would sound like wild extravagance. A lack of intellectual interest makes art spectacular rather than inspiring. In St. Louis and in Chicago the interest in woman's advancement and achievements is a very vital one. In Cincinnati this special interest is limited to a few earnest workers, among whom are Mrs. Margaret V. Longley, Rev. C. W. Wendte, Mrs. C. A. Plimpton, Mrs. A. B. Merriam, and others. The Cincinnati press, too, is unfavorable to the claims of suffrage, though treating the subject always with courteous consideration. Opposition to Woman Suffrage, whether individual or journalistic, is gradually losing its importance as an antagonistic element, as the growing force of the movement entirely transcends these obstacles."

THE FRIENDS JOURNAL copies the following from a letter to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean;* all about our Quaker poet: "Mr. Whittier meets us at the study door. He stands six feet tall in his high-collar, half claw-hammer half cut-away coat. His strongly-knit frame reminds one of the sinewy force of his poems, and his head is that of a Hebrew prophet. The long, tense, vertical lines of his face, rimmed with the frosty circle of hair and beard trimmed away from his face suggests the cold Puritan crust through which the lambent fire of his spirit forces its way. The powerful level brows, and beneath them the dark luminous eye, full of prophetic insight and shadowed fire; the tawny complexion in the frame of white; the sharp, tense lines of his face—all these, a friend of his has remarked, 'bespeak the preacher races of Asia.' And he well said that it seemed slightly awkward and insipid to meet this Arab shiek, this Hebrew prophet, here in a parlor, and in a spruce masquerade of modern costume, shaking hands and saying, 'Happy to meet you,' after the fashion of our feeble civilities. To complete the suggestion of the East, a tawny hound with a silver collar lay stretched upon a rug before the fireplace. Is this the Quaker? Can this be the man of drab who sang of the Pennsylvania pilgrim? Can this be the Puritan of 'Snow-Bound?' But 'The Palm Tree,' 'The Rock in El-Ghor,' 'The Branded Hand,' 'Tauler,' 'The Two Rabbis,' and 'The Shadow and the Light,' thronged the mind with utterances of Semitic heat, and identified the poet, the prophet, the Puritan and the Quaker with the man."

UNITARIAN HERALD.—"'T is true, 'tis pity: And pity 't is 't is true." "The Rev. S. C. Beane, of Concord, (Unitarian), says he recently traveled all day with two ministers who were strangers to him, and they found themselves in perfect harmony on all kinds of topics without touching the religious or professional themes. When parting, he found that one was a Catholic priest and the other an orthodox Congregationalist; and he overheard one say to the other, 'What a pity that this man is going to hell!'"

—"The Archbishop of York has a charming wife, and her name is Zoe. There is a funny story told, that, when the archbishopric was conferred on Dr. Thompson, then Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, he was ill in bed, suffering from neuralgia. Upon opening the official document which contained the notification of his advancement, the bishop hurriedly rang his bell and desired that his wife might come to him at once. On entering the bedroom, she was met by the startling exclamation, 'My dear, I am the Archbishop of York!' The surprised lady imagined that her husband's malady had affected his senses, and that he had become suddenly delirious. So, pretending to humor his fancy, and gently acquiescing, without expressing her astonishment, she retired without congratulations to summon the doctor to treat this new and distressing symptom. Not until his arrival and close inspection of the official document was she persuaded that the archiepiscopal chair was no delusion, but a real and substantial recognition of her husband's abilities and merits. Since that time she has been his frequent and sympathetic companion in much of his public work, and on all occasions when a lady's presence is needed to render his actions complete, she is sure to appear."

THE INDEPENDENT gives the following graphic picture of Bishop Colenso, of Natal, who was so much talked about a few years ago on account of his advanced views on the Pentateuch, lives a very quiet, uneventful life at Bishopstown, near Maritzburg. He is rarely seen in the city except on Sunday, when he conducts services. He is described as elephantine in appearance, being almost seven feet high and of massive frame. He wears a wide-brimmed stovepipe beaver hat of the old-fashioned cut and a long coat of thin black material. He is regarded with awe and reverence by the natives, who salute him as supreme or great chief. The Bishop is now 66 years old, but retains his vigor of mind. One of his daughters acts as his amenuensis, and Kaffirs, whom he has always befriended, are his printers.

Great truths and great men are always simple.